

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— Cowper.

Vol. 6.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1874.

No. 9.

Our Dumb Animals.

Published on the first Tuesday of each Month by the

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,

AT THE SOCIETY'S ROOMS,

40 Washington Street, Boston.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance.

Postage in the city, FREE. To all parts of the United States, outside of Boston, TWELVE CENTS PER ANNUM for each package of four ounces, payable in advance, at the office where received, or at our office.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Secretary.

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History of Cruelty.

BY PROF. F. W. NEWMAN.

We have a history of cruelty. Gladiatorial shows, in which men slaughtered men for the amusement of spectators, when suppressed, were succeeded by various substitutes in different countries, as by bull-fights in Spain. In England, we had bear-baiting, and badger-baiting, cock-fights, and other such sports, besides the mauling of man by man with the fist, a relic of antiquity which does not here concern us. These "sports" have been sustained by the zeal of a part of the English aristocracy, in alliance with a very disreputable class of the people. They are now suppressed by the police, and may seem to be extinct; but still without the enunciation of any well-defined principle. Pigeon-shooting for sport remains, but has suddenly become disreputable in the course of the last year or two; inasmuch that apparently a real check has been given to the practice. There has been much writing against salmon-fishing with line and rod, against fox-hunting, and hare-hunting, indicative of a new sentiment widely spread among writers for the press. Laws have recently been passed to forbid fishing for salmon in unsuitable times, or modes, or killing certain sea-birds while they are breeding; but all this is in the interest of man, not in consideration of any right possessed by the animals. Shooting at wild birds and beasts is still considered, not as necessary butchery, but as gentlemanly amusement. The

most frightful cruelties are incessantly inflicted on innocent animals by traps with iron teeth, and other fell devices; which continue to be legal and reputable, in spite of the execrations occasionally heard from certain quarters. Yet a voluntary society, which at first encountered ridicule, has in half a century left a distinct impress on England, and on English law, to enforce the humane treatment of animals. It is no longer ridiculed. It receives high patronage, and among its patrons no name is to be mentioned with more honor than that of Baroness Courts.—Index.

Agassiz's Belief in the Immortality of Animals.

It would be idle to multiply instances of the thorough humanity and geniality of Agassiz. Everybody who knew him can tell hundreds of anecdotes illustrative of his sympathy with all forms of life, whether in the jelly-fish the human child, the developing boy or girl, the mature man or woman. Still his conviction of the immateriality and personality of mind was something wonderful in so austere a naturalist. We happened once to please him by defining a jelly-fish as organized water. "Now look at it through the microscope," he said. "But, Agassiz, the play of organization is so wonderful that it seems to me that nothing but mind can account for it." "You are right," was his answer; "in some incomprehensible way, God Almighty has created these beings, and I cannot doubt of their immortality any more than I doubt of my own." His fealty to the rights of animals exceeded that of any great naturalist who ever preceded him. Incompetent as we are to give him his due rank among the great naturalists of the world, we think he excelled every naturalist who has gone before him in striking at the soul and individuality of all animals below man. It is impossible to convey in words the peculiar feeling which Agassiz had on this matter. Doubtless this large and genial genius is now satisfied. We cannot penetrate beyond the veil.—*Boston Globe*.

It was in the papers, not long back, that a company of young men in Australia went out with guns for the fun of shooting large bats, which were known to live in a certain grove. The poor animals, aroused from sleep, fluttered about blinded in the daylight, and fell easy victims. The young men had the satisfaction to boast that they left on the ground more than one hundred and fifty harmless bats, dead or wounded, and lingering in agony.

Animal Teaching.

Long years before the American Rarey's name was heard as a "horse-tamer," a secret existed, as a family heirloom, among a branch of the O'Sullivans in the south of Ireland. This family was known as "The Whisperers," and they possessed the power of rendering as quiet as a lamb the most stubborn and unmanageable horse that ever existed. Whether they did anything more to a horse than breathe into his nostrils we know not, but by doing this and by kind soothing, and other ways known to themselves, they effected their purpose and retained their fame. Putting the question of drugs or stimulants, or other fascinating means aside, and coming to the point of pure and unadulterated domestication and teaching, perhaps there was no person in modern times achieved so much success in animal teaching as S. Bissett. This man was a humble shoemaker. He was born in Scotland, in 1721, but he afterwards removed to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property. Then, turning to a broker, he accumulated money until the year 1759, when his attention was turned to the training of animals, birds and fishes. He was led into this new study on reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at a fair at St. Germain's.

Bissett bought a horse and a dog, and succeeded beyond his expectations in teaching them to perform various feats. He next purchased two monkeys, which he taught to dance and tumble on a rope, and one would hold a candle in one paw and turn the barrel organ with the other, while his companion danced. He next taught three cats to do a great many wonderful things, to set before music books, and to squall notes pitched to different keys. He advertised a "cats' opera" in the Haymarket, and successfully carried out his programme, the cats accurately fulfilling all their parts. He pocketed some thousands by these performances. He next taught a leveret, and then several species of birds to spell the name of any person in the company, and to distinguish the hour of the day or night. Six turkey-cocks were next rendered amenable to a country-dance, and after six months' teaching, he trained a turtle to fetch and carry like a dog, and having chalked the floor and blackened its claws, he made it trace out the name of any given person in the company.—*Land and Water*.

I AM no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me to know their virtues.—*Sir P. Sydney*.

The Hungry Dogs of Siberia.

BY FLORENCE COOPER.

Poor fellows! Hungry from morning until night; hungry all the time except during the short summer, when they can go a-fishing and help themselves! I wonder how their drivers would like to wait all day long for the first sign of breakfast; but that is just what the Siberian dogs who live at home are required to do even when they travel all day.

Dismal fate to be kept at starvation point so long, and then to get only a small piece of dried salmon to sleep upon. If some wise dog would travel to that region and howl a little about emigration I think there would soon be too many dogs about *this*. Mr. Bush, who travelled through a portion of Siberia a few years ago, tells us that when a journey over the frozen rivers of Siberia is about to be made the natives are astir at day-break, and having called and whistled their dogs they harness them up in pairs to long seal thongs, fastened between two trees, preparatory to attaching them to the sleds. With the exception of a few "slumber-loving, lazily-inclined old beasts, who have learned to look upon a journey as a task," the dogs respond as promptly as could be desired, and are wild with excitement and delight at seeing the light sleds dragged from their shelter. They sometimes set up a barking, yelping and howling that may be heard for miles on the still air, and are so eager for the start that there is danger of the seal-thong being broken and the whole band rushing off pell-mell without the sleds. Mr. Bush tells of one poor little dog who excited all his sympathy: "In making up the teams only thirty dogs were selected out of the large number in the village to draw out three sleds. Of those left behind one poor little fellow had manifested the greatest delight at the prospect of a journey. None jumped higher or barked louder than he, and from the commencement of the preparations he stood up ready to be harnessed.

When he saw that the others were attached to the thong, and that no attention had been paid to him, he walked up to the team and with an air of quiet patience, took his place in the line with the expectation of being harnessed. To prevent him from accompanying the teams a strap was put about his neck and he was tied fast to a post.

The poor fellow drooped his tail and his intelligent countenance expressed the most intense disappointment. He evidently felt the denial as acutely as could any human being.*** Fifteen, twenty, and sometimes thirty dogs are attached to one sled. "The characters of these dogs are as diversified as those of human beings. They are possessed of great intelligence and acuteness, frequently outwitting their masters. Some are reserved and dignified, seeming to fully realize the obligations which devolve upon them, and enter into their duties with conscientious zeal.

These dogs are placed at the head of the train to set a good example to the young rattle-brains who follow them.—*Hearth and Home*.

HORSE RACING.—On the 15th Nov. at Los Angeles, during a two mile race and repeat, "Long-fellow" burst a blood-vessel and died. On the same day, in this city, during the great four-mile race, "True Blue" was so seriously injured as to incapacitate him for further appearance in the racing field; and yet they say horse-racing is not cruel; that the horses like it.—*Animal Friend, San Francisco*.

INTELLIGENCE OF ANTS.—Each ant in an ant-hill knows his companions. Mr. Darwin several times carried ants from one hill to another, inhabited apparently by tens of thousands of ants; but the strangers were invariably detected and killed. Thinking there might be a family odor by which they were recognized, he put some ants from a very large nest into a bottle strongly perfumed with assafoetida, and restored them after twenty-four hours. At first they were threatened by their companions, but soon recognized, and allowed to pass.

Landseer.

BY J TEMPLETON LUCAS.

He painted nothing mean, his skill was such
That all things gained new grace beneath his touch,
And cold must be the heart that is not taught
Some noble lessons by the works he wrought;
For though the weary head is laid in peace,
The honored master's teachings shall not cease.
And still our eyes may see the helpless woe
Of the poor fawn beside the stricken doe;
Still may we see the noble dog that braved
The dashing surf, and his young master saved;
Still learn to love the shepherd's trusty friend
As we behold him faithful to the end;
Still may we see him seeking in the snow
While the lost sheep lie hidden deep below.
He gave each thing its fitting attributes
And showed mankind's dependency on brutes,
Yet deigned to paint the piper of the bush,
And Reynard, his poor brother of the brush;
And, when that way his lighter fancy ran,
Made dogs the pleasant satirists of man.
These were the touches of his softer hours,
But wilder scenes engaged his giant powers.
He showed us how the monarch of the glen
On his snow ramparts, far from haunts of men,
Challenged his antlered foe to cross the loch
And do him battle on the moss-clad rock.
He showed us how they fought by night, and died,
And how the fox beheld their humbled pride;
He showed the hound and great hart face to face
When in death-struggle ends the glorious chase;
He showed the horrors of the Highland flood,
Where all are gathered in one brotherhood;
He showed the desolation of the goal
Which men must dare who seek the icy pole,
And how the king of brutes was subject made,
But never showed he aught which would degrade
The hand that painted or the eye that saw.
A prince of painters, he obeyed the law,
And put his talents out to good account
To render up his Lord the full amount.
He has not lived in vain whose magic art
Portrayed God's creatures in the nobler part;
He has not lived in vain whose teaching tends
To human sympathy with our dumb friends.

Touching Anecdote of a Spider.

Mr. Moggridge in his studies in Natural History had been in the habit of immersing, for preservation, his different specimens of spiders and ants in bottles of alcohol. He saw that they struggled for a few minutes; but he thought that sensation was soon extinguished, and that they were soon free from suffering. On one occasion he wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty-four of her young ones, that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol, and saw that after a few moments she folded up her legs upon her body, and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who, of course, manifested acute pain. What was his surprise to see the mother arouse herself from her lethargy, dart around to, and gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her legs over them, again relapse into insensibility, until at last death came to her relief, and the limbs, no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, released their grasp and became dead! The effect of the exhibition upon him is a lesson to our common humanity. He has never since repeated the experiment, but has applied chloroform before immersion.

Judging from the above, the spider is certainly superior to the human animal, in the fact that alcohol does not destroy her natural affection.

A PET-CANARY having escaped into the yard was caught by a favorite cat, but instead of devouring poor Dickey, puss gently brought the bird indoors and placed it in the hands of her mistress, who was both astonished and delighted to find scarcely a feather injured.

"You told about the eel."

The Chevalier de la Tour Landy, in a book of counsel to his daughter, written some time in the latter half of the 14th century, thus makes use of a magpie in a tale which has a moral to it. "I will tell you a story," he says, "in regard to women who eat dainty morsels in the absence of their lords. There was a lady who had a magpie in a cage, which talked of everything which it saw done. Now it happened that the lord of the household preserved a large eel in a pond, and kept it very carefully in order to give it to some of his lords, or of his friends in case they should visit him. So it happened that the lady said to her female attendant that it would be good to eat the big eel; and accordingly they ate it, and agreed that they would tell their lord that the otter had eaten it. And when the lord returned, the magpie began to say to him, 'My lord, my lady has eaten the eel.' Then the lord went to his pond, and missed the eel; and he went into the house, and asked his wife what had become of it. She thought to excuse herself easily; but he said that he knew all about it, and that the magpie had told him. The result was that there was quarrelling and trouble in the house; but when the lord had gone away, the lady and her female attendant went to the magpie, and plucked all its feathers from its head saying, 'You told about the eel.' And so the magpie was quite bald. But from that time forward when it saw any people who were bald, or had large foreheads, the magpie said to them, 'Ah! you told about the eel.'—*Old and New*.

Inhuman Cruelty.

A piece of almost unparalleled heartlessness is reported by the "Le Roy Courier," as having occurred in the town of East Bethany some two weeks since. It seems that a man named Ashley was the owner of a mule, which by some means had his leg broken, and was left lying in the field without any attention being paid to it—no kindly hand even offering to kill the poor maimed brute. About two weeks after this occurrence, some boys, who were out hunting, discovered the beast still alive, though evidently near dead from starvation and loss of blood—dogs having gnawed its hind-quarters in some places to the bone, and otherwise torn and horribly mangled its body. The ground for a space of twenty or thirty feet around had been cleared of all vegetation, and the animal had evidently swallowed large quantities of earth in his struggles to sustain life. Several complaints were at once entered, but it is reported that the affair has been settled—though it is impossible to conceive by what process of chicanery such villainy is to escape its just dues. We earnestly hope that whoever the guilty party may be, his neighbors will keep it warm for him in those parts.—*Exchange*.

The Wit of a Dog.

Winks, for his part, after an hour or two of it, got bored with the levity of the conversation, and rustled about so that he was put out of the carriage, to run for the benefit of his health. He went along for a mile, pleased enough, gathering dust in clouds about him. But when he intimated a desire to be taken in, the boys, hard-hearted beings! laughed in the face of Winks. "A run will do you good, old fellow," said Dick, with cruel satisfaction. A short time afterward, I am sorry to say, a dreadful accident, nature unknown, happened to Winks. He uttered a heart-rending shriek, and appeared, immediately after, making his way toward the carriage, holding up one feathery paw in demonstrative suffering. The anxious party stopped immediately, and Winks made his way towards them, laboriously limping, and uttering painful cries. But when, all a-dust as he was, this hypocrite was lifted into the carriage, holding up the injured member, and was laid upon the softest cushion to have it examined, words fail me to express the sardonic grin with which he showed his milk-white teeth. There was no more the matter with the little villain's paw, my gentle reader, than with yours or mine.

Sad Bird Notes.

Is it true that

"In Nature there is nothing melancholy"?

Mark that slender, graceful, yellow warbler, running along the high oak boughs like a perturbed spirit, seeking restlessly, anxiously, something which he never seems to find; and uttering every now and then a long, anxious cry, four or five times repeated, which would be a squeal, were it not so sweet. Suddenly he flits away, and flutters round the pendant tips of the beech sprays like a great yellow butterfly, picking the insects from the leaves; then flits back to a bare bough, and sings, with heaving breast and quivering wings, a short, shrill, feeble, tremulous song; and then returns to his old sadness, wandering and complaining all day long. Is there no melancholy in that cry? It sounds sad; why should it not be meant to be sad? We recognize joyful notes, angry notes, fearful notes. They are very similar, strangely enough, in all birds. They are very similar, more strangely still, to the cries of human beings, especially children, when influenced by the same passions. And when we hear a note which to us expresses sadness, why should not the bird be sad? Yon wood-wren has had enough to make him sad, if only he recollects it? and if he can recollect his road from Morocco hither, he maybe recollects likewise what happened on the road—the long weary journey up the Portuguese coast, and through the gap between the Pyrenees and the Jaysquivel, and up the Landes of Bordeaux, and across Brittany, flitting by night, and hiding and feeding as he could by day; and how his mates flew against the light-houses, and were killed by hundreds; and how he essayed the British Channel, and was blown back shrivelled up by bitter blasts; and how he felt, nevertheless, that "that wan water he must cross," he knew not why; but something told him his mother had done it before him, and he was the flesh of her flesh, life of her life, and had inherited her "instinct"—as we call hereditary memory, in order to avoid the trouble of finding out what it is, and how it comes. A duty was laid on him to go back to the place where he was bred; and he must do it; and now it is done; and he is weary and sad and lonely; and, for aught we know, thinking already that when the leaves begin to turn yellow, he must go back again, over the channel, over the Landes, over the Pyrenees, to Morocco once more. Why should he not be sad?—*Charles Kingsley.*

It may be necessary to kill birds; that is not the point in dispute. But if you must kill them, do it without cruelty, without leaving young birds to starve, or wounded birds to suffer prolonged agonies, if by any means you can avoid it. Every animal has a right to justice and protection at the hands of the superior animal man, who knows the difference between good and bad, who if he kills should do so for a purpose. That purpose is not helped by cruelty. The very fact of your superiority gives animals a moral right to be benefited by it—and to be treated in a manner not unworthy of that superiority.—*Animal World.*

HORSES ARE POWERS.—"What is the reason, Auntie, that if a fellow takes to horses, they all think he is going straight to the bad? What is there so abominable about them?" "Nothing," said Miss Kirkbright. "On the contrary, everything grand and splendid,—in type, you know, horses are powers; men are made to handle powers, and to use them; it is the very manliest instinct of a man by which he loves them. Only, he is terribly mistaken if he stops there,—playing with the signs. He might as well ride a stick, or drive a chair with worsted reins, as the little ones do, all his life."—*From "Other Girls."*

It is one of the beautiful compensations of this life, that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

Poor Beasts.

Poor beasts, that every day we see o'erdriv'n,
Plodding along their path in patient pain;
No hopes of future bliss stored up in heav'n
Their spirits cheer, their sinking hearts sustain.

Poor beasts, we see them toiling on the road,
While threats and curses 'gainst them freely flow;
Now bowed beneath the cruel, heavy load,
Now shrinking from the oft-struck cowardly blow.

The dumb brute bears no malice in his heart
For all the sufferings he must undergo:
Ill treated, yet he bravely plays his part,
And meekly bears his heritage of woe.

I watched the two—the man that held the rein,
The bridled beast that at his bidding ran;
And asked which was the nobler of the twain,
The noble beast, or the ignoble man.

I marked a gay young horse flash prancing by,
And wished to make those powers of speed my own;
Next year I say him worn with cruelty,
The day he dropped down dead, a mass of fleshless bone.

I count the strong man weak, that does not dare
To check a wretch from torturing the dumb;
Who scoffs at mercy, and whom naught can scare,
But dread of punishment to swiftly come.

Shall we, on whom a gracious God bestows
Heav'n's hope to cheer us in life's darkest hour,
Be more impatient of our daily woes
Than they who lack such hope, such heart-sustaining power?

—*J. C. in Animal World.*

Merciless Brutality.

"An engine employed on the Cincinnati and Newport Railroad Bridge, was standing near the Cincinnati depot, when some careless person caught a little dog and threw it into the cab, with the remark that the engineer might do as he pleased with it. The brave driver made the remark, 'We'll warm him,' and seizing the helpless brute, opened the door of the engine furnace and threw the dog into it."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

How would any of our readers like to travel on a train with such an engine-driver, and have their lives in his charge? And how long will a railroad company retain such a miscreant in their service?—*Ed.*

P. S. We learn that the engineer was arrested and punished by a fine of \$100, and imprisonment for six months.

Bull-Fights Stopped in France.

From the October number of the "Bulletin de la Société Protectrice des Animaux," we find that, by the continued efforts of the Paris Society, bull-fights have at last been suppressed in France.

Since 1850, the Society has waged a war of opposition to them.

Last August, a bull-fight took place at Bordeaux, where great cruelty was practised. The president of the Paris society immediately wrote to the Minister of the Interior asking him to forbid this cruel practice. He received a reply informing him that orders had already been sent to the proper authorities instructing them to forbid the practice, and to rigidly enforce the existing laws for the protection of animals.

WRITE your name with kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you may come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

An Old Jersey Homestead.

One of the sunniest days of last October, I spent at the house of a friend who lives on the banks of the Raritan. The house was old, but everything within and without betokened the height of farmer-thrift and comfort.

The place was a paradise for animals. Everything seemed a pet from the stately peacock which swept up the yard every morning with his magnificent train, to a pair of snow-white pigs with pink ears, which managed to break jail while we were walking about, and came trotting around to the front porch in search of Miss Ellen, who had befriended them at an early stage of their history.

There were a number of old cats about the wood-sheds, which had certainly "outlived their usefulness," but were kept in comfort and luxury, because of a little vanished hand that once fed and fondled them. Indeed, the house was full of relics of departed pets. In the "spare room," was a bouquet of feather-flowers in a handsome vase. Miss Ellen explained that the white flowers were "made from the feathers of an old goose mother had kept for a great many years," but which at last died of old age. Each of the other flowers had its history also. On the wall hung an elegant brush from the tail of a beautiful peacock which had come to an untimely end.

Not far from the house was a little lot, which years ago had been a colored burying ground. Somewhere among the graves a great old turtle had his home, and for thirty-one years he came back every spring to the farm-house to pay his respects to his friends. They often met him travelling up the hill on his way to the garden, and could hear him munching the cucumbers, the only thing he touched. But there were enough for them and for him, so they never disturbed him. One spring, however, they missed him, and feared they should not see him again. But the year after he came hobbling up the hill on three feet. How he had lost the other he could not relate, but they presumed he had spent the former season in hospital. At last he disappeared entirely, and it was strongly suspected that he had found his way into the dinner-pot of a neighbor, who was very fond of such game. If they could only have had his shell for a memento, it would have been quite a satisfaction.

Half a dozen fine horses, which had been nearly used up by the abuse of New York drivers, were "boarding" on these grand, velvet meadows, and recruiting for the winter's tug and toil. Oh, how they enjoyed the change from the slippery pavements, and the freedom from unkind treatment. If they could only take back with them a remembrance of these bright days, it seemed as if it might do them some good. After all it might make their lot still less endurable. Whatever their future, they have had at least one bright summer-time.

J. E. M.

Why may we not believe that the horses *did* "take back a remembrance of the bright days." It seems very apparent that horses have memory. They certainly remember and shrink from the men who have abused, and seek those who have treated them kindly. Why not remember the joy of green pastures as well?—*Ed.*

A MISTAKEN GOAT.—One day an English traveller seated himself on the trunk of a fallen tree to read; falling asleep over his book he began to nod. A male goat noticed the gentleman, and considering the nodding to be a challenge for a fight, it took position, measured distance and ran upon Albion's son, giving him such a butt as to throw him on his back with his feet in the air. The victorious goat seemingly surprised, at the non-resistance of a Briton, raised itself with one forefoot upon the trunk, and stood looking in mute astonishment at its kicking and screaming victim.

L. B. U.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, January, 1874.

Why and How?

Three questions present themselves to the directors, officers, and friends of our Society at the present moment:

1. Shall the Society be sustained?
2. Why should it be sustained?
3. How shall it be sustained?

1. The answer must come from the public, because as we stated last month, the treasury of the Society will be depleted in a few weeks; it has no permanent fund to rely upon, and, unlike other kindred societies has received no munificent bequests. It must rest upon the generosity of the people who believe in its usefulness. Their negative will be a finality, for without funds, effective work cannot be done. That negative will not be uttered, if all who acknowledge the value of the Society's work contribute to its maintenance.

2. It should be sustained because cruelty continues, and will continue while men have ungovernable tempers and selfish hearts. Brutality is sometimes premeditated; sometimes results from sudden passion; sometimes grows out of love of money; and sometimes originates in mere amusement. In the *first* instance, there is deliberate torture, as a punishment or revenge for some apparent offence or stubbornness of the animal, and shows itself in such acts as pulling out its tongue, putting out its eyes, cutting its hamstrings, breaking off its horns, or otherwise deliberately and cruelly punishing it; often long after the offence has been committed, and always without a reformatory purpose. The *second* form exhibits itself in beating with clubs, iron bars, kicking, &c., &c. The *third* appears in underfeeding and starving, providing poor food and unsuitable shelter, and no blankets in winter or in cold storms, and in dog and cock fights. The *fourth* or *amusement* form is seen when animals are bathed in turpentine and set on fire, or at "pigeon-shoots" for sport, when the wounded birds fly away and die in agony. Other forms of cruelty are the result of habit and ignorance, such as brutal slaughtering, bleeding calves for days before killing, bagging cows, tight check-reins, overloading, overdriving, &c., &c.

But worse than these are the cruelties of transportation, which cannot be traced to ignorance or intentional brutality, for intelligent and humane men are stockholders and managers of railroads! Yet animals suffer and die on the cars, and men and women eat diseased meat in consequence; and who is to blame? If the railroads keep within the legal hours, they cannot be prosecuted with success. Public sentiment must demand better cars, where animals can have food, water and rest; and such a public sentiment this Society is endeavoring to cultivate. They are also endeavoring to introduce humane education into families, schools, churches and the press, so that the next generation shall be an improvement upon this.

The thousands of cases investigated and prosecuted by the Society since its formation, and the many other thousands prevented by the warnings and persuasion of its four hundred agents, throughout the State, and by the circulation of the law, its monthly paper, and various essays, to in-

struct the people; the decreased cruelty everywhere apparent; the improved character of the horses, and the general advance in public opinion on this subject; all these will indicate what the Society has done, and is an earnest of what it desires to do in the future, if sustained.

3. *How shall the Society be sustained?* The readiest and best method is *an immediate contribution from the generous friends of the Society*, which will place it in an independent position, and insure the continuance of what seems to be a public necessity,—a Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. With entire confidence in a favorable response, an appeal has been made, which will be found in another column.

Extended Cruelty.

Through the influence of the cattle-drovers, General Negley, M. C. of Pennsylvania has introduced a bill into Congress, extending the time during which cattle may be confined in cars, *without food, water, or rest, to thirty-seven hours!*

Let every kindred Society and every friend of animals bring every good influence to bear to defeat this measure.

Half Blanketed.

How many horses stand in the streets for hours with an old carriage-robe or remnant of a blanket thrown over the loins of the animal, while the chest and lungs are entirely unprotected. People drive up to the "store" or to church, and think little of their horses while they are comfortable. "I didn't intend to stay but a minute or two, but I got to talking and forgot about my horse," is the frequent excuse of people when our agents find their horses shivering in the street.

MASTER TRUCKMEN, COAL DEALERS and others who own teams, seem to us very unwise, not to say cruel, to allow their drivers to load just as heavily in "bad going" in winter as when the streets are in good condition, and yet we see it constantly.

J. A. SCARRITT, Secretary, of Columbus (Ohio), advises us that the Society at that place is not a State Society, as we reported last month.

THE Amateur Dramatic Association, of Portsmouth, N. H., recently gave an entertainment in that city for the benefit of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

FRIENDS at Manchester, N. H., are discussing the question of a State Society, to be located in that city, or Concord.

VERMONT shows no signs of life yet towards organizing a Society.

THE "Animal Kingdom" comes to us, at the commencement of its second volume, much improved in the quantity and arrangement of its contents and in general appearance. It has met with unexpected encouragement.

NOTICES of the Societies at Lancaster, Pa., Wilmington, Del., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Louisville, Ky., Augusta, Ga., and Cleveland, Ohio, in our next. Also "Sancho," "Horse and her Saddle," and other delayed articles.

The Society's Appeal.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals appeals to the public for the means of continuing its existence.

ITS TREASURY IS EMPTY.

The money which it has received during the past six years, from the generosity of individuals, and from the Fair held in December, 1871, has been expended in carrying out the objects for which it was given, and with the approval of a watchful Board of Directors.

What it has done may in part be seen by the accompanying sketch; but this record does not show the growing influence for humanity which is mainly the result of its teaching and example, and which is the main object of the Society to produce and encourage.

Voluntary cruelty must be stopped by the Law; but that which proceeds from *ignorance*, by Education.

The first takes comparatively little time, and in the great cities where the power of the Society is daily felt, it is being accomplished; but if that power should be at this time withdrawn, the brutal nature of man has not yet been so checked that it would not arise again.

The second is a longer task, but much the most important. The Society sees the dawn of a brighter day. It asks that it shall not be allowed to die at dawn, but that it shall be so helped, now and throughout its day of work, that when the time comes for it to rest, both voluntary and ignorant cruelty in Massachusetts shall be unknown and impossible.

DONATIONS may be forwarded to the Treasurer, at 15 CHAUNCEY ST., or 26 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.

GEO. T. ANGELL, *President*.

HENRY SALTONSTALL, *Treasurer*.

FRANK B. FAY, *Secretary*.

Boston, January, 1874.

The sketch alluded to above is a recapitulation of the work done by the Society, which has been published in our columns.

Get an Article in the Warrant.

Let selectmen, or citizens interested, have an article in the warrant for the March meeting, asking an appropriation for watering-troughs under the following statute.

Many towns have neglected this matter, and now is a good time to take steps in the right direction:—

[CHAP. 84. ACTS OF 1872.]

AN ACT to authorize Selectmen of Towns to establish Public Watering-places.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:

SECT. 1. The selectmen of the various towns may establish and maintain such public drinking-troughs, wells, and fountains within the public highways, squares and commons of their respective towns, as in their judgment the public necessity and convenience may require; and the several towns are hereby authorized to raise and appropriate such sums of money as shall be necessary to defray the expense thereof.

SECT. 2. Chapter one hundred and eighteen of the acts of eighteen hundred and seventy, and all acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith, are hereby repealed.

SECT. 3. This act shall take effect upon its passage. [Approved March 9, 1872.]

THE Society in Connecticut has never, so far as we can learn, completed its organization.

Death of a Director.

For the first time since its organization, our Society has been called to mourn the loss of a director by death.

FRANKLIN EVANS, Esq., has been a director of this Society from its organization, and was among the first who offered his aid by money and otherwise to establish it. We have missed him at our meetings for the last year on account of his ill-health and absence from the country, but we feel assured we had his sympathy always.

His death took place from heart-disease, at the Tremont House, in this city, January 27.

The "Transcript" says of him:—

His health had been declining for several years, trips to Florida and Europe having failed to restore it. He had lived in Boston about forty years, and was widely known from his connection with railroads and real-estate enterprises.

Mr. Evans was a very genial and intelligent person, with a large circle of warmly-attached friends. He was the adviser of many in business matters, and was ever regarded as a prudent and wise counsellor. A large fortune was the result of his shrewdness and foresight. He early and clearly saw the importance of the Back Bay enterprise, and was one of the largest operators in those lands. He also owned many valuable estates in the business parts of the city.

About two years ago Mr. Evans was married to Miss Ellis of Boston, who survives him. His mother, to whom he was the kindest and most considerate of sons, died a few years ago. Though not a demonstrative person, Mr. Evans had many excellent qualities which made him a favorite wherever he was known.

Cruelty to Children.

Frequent calls are made upon us to interfere in matters that do not belong to us more than to other citizens. Our Society was organized and is maintained for a special purpose, to prevent cruelty to animals, by persuasion, prosecution and education. And while as individuals we condemn cruelty to children, as a Society we are not called upon to step aside from our leading purpose to correct other evils that are so prevalent in the community.

This article has been suggested by repeated requests to interfere in regard to some young children, who have been exhibited as gymnasts, and as the applicants contend, to their injury. Our hands are quite full of the work we have undertaken, and we cannot consistently open the door to other reforms.

At the same time, we believe if our theories for the humane treatment of animals could prevail, cruel treatment of children would constantly decrease, so that our work indirectly accomplishes what is sought by those who ask our aid in special cases.

Child's Department.

The cut on our children's page is from the extensive establishment of S. W. Partridge & Co., of London. This firm are publishers of a great variety of children's books, among them the series including "Animal Sagacity," "Our Dumb Companions," "Our Children's Pets," "Birds and their Nests," and several others, all of them most appropriate books for children. They also publish the "Children's Friend" and "Infant's Magazine," charming monthlies.

Is it not a mistake to use the expression, "Drunk as a beast"?

Mystery of Affliction.

If all our readers knew as we do of the untiring devotion to our cause, which has been exhibited by the President of the Woman's Branch (Buffalo) Society, Mrs. Horatio Seymour, they would join us in heartfelt sympathy for her, and would appreciate this touching tribute to her, which we find in the Buffalo Commercial:

If any one well acquainted in this city should be asked to give the name of the person—man or woman—who has done the most good in Buffalo during the last score years, he would almost surely give the name of that bereaved mother whose youngest and only son's death is recorded under the obituary head in to-day's "Commercial." He would give a name that has become almost synonymous with success in the practical direction of organized efforts to serve the sacred cause of charity and humanity; notably successful efforts to carry food, raiment and medicines to our sick, wounded and imprisoned soldiers in the war for the Union; successful efforts to relieve the suffering poor in our midst; successful efforts to improve human nature by the prevention of cruelty to animals; successful efforts in a thousand good works which would not have been done so well, if at all, without that untiring practical direction. He would give the same name that occurred once to a charitable Buffalo lady in Germany, during the Franco-Prussian war, when she desired to help the sick and wounded prisoners there, after the manner of our Ladies' Aid Society, with contributions obtained in Buffalo, and wrote an appeal which was published in this paper. "Where is that good woman," she said "Mrs. —?" and every Buffalo reader knew the honored name before coming to it.

Thoughts of all these good works, and of the heavy affliction that has fallen to the lot of this good woman, occurred to one who listened to Bishop Cox's sermon in behalf of the Church Charity Foundation last evening, when the eloquent speaker alluded to the Mystery of Affliction. Referring to St. Mark's account of the healing of one that was sick, he reminded his hearers that when the Healer saw this affliction, "looking up to heaven, he sighed," and the Bishop explained the divine emotion by saying that he comprehended the mystery which is so hard for us to understand—the mystery of affliction—why a benevolent God permits those who love and serve him to be borne down with many sorrows.

It is indeed a mystery! Within the last four years this good woman has been called upon to mourn the loss of her whole family; first her eldest son, then her husband, next her aged mother, and now her youngest son, the last of her race! In the presence of such accumulated sorrow as this, sympathy is dumb. And, as we think of her noble self-sacrificing life, we can only wonder at the mystery of affliction and hope that all is for the best.

Improved Cattle Cars.

The Royal Society P. C. A., announces that over sixty models have been received in competition for their prizes of £400, and they are now on exhibition. The awards will probably be soon announced. We hope some of our American patentees had their models offered and may be successful.

MAINE has twenty millions of dollars invested in live stock, and three million dollars' worth are slaughtered every year, and yet there are but two societies with limited powers for the prevention of cruelty, so that nine-tenths of the State are unprotected. Who will form a State Society?

SUBMISSION is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.

CASES INVESTIGATED

BY BOSTON AGENTS IN JANUARY.

Whole number of complaints, 107, viz.: Overloading, 2; overworking, 10; overdriving, 2; beating, 5; abandoning, 1; driving when lame and galled, 21; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 13; torturing, 5; driving when diseased, 10; defective street, 3; general cruelty, 35.
Remedied without prosecution, 43; not substantiated, 31; under investigation, 12; not found, 2; prosecuted, 13; convicted, 11; pending, 1.
Animals killed, 25; temporarily taken from work, 11.

FINES.

From Justice Courts.—Andover, \$20; Needham, \$1; Brighton (2 cases), \$20 and Arlington, \$30, were paid at House of Correction.

From Police Courts.—Somerville (2 cases), \$10; Gloucester, \$10; Chelsea, \$50.

From District Courts.—Central Berkshire, \$25; Southern Worcester, \$10; Central Worcester, \$10.

COUNTRY AGENTS.

One hundred and ninety-nine agents have reported as follows for the last quarter of 1873:

Whole number of complaints 425, viz.: For beating, 44; overloading, 39; overdriving, 46; driving when lame and galled, 89; when diseased, 31; failing to provide food and shelter, 62; torturing, 21; abandoning, 27; general cruelty, 76.

Of these, 387 were remedied without prosecution, 26 were groundless, 4 were not found, 29 were prosecuted, of which 23 were convicted.

Animals killed, 64.

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once, in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

James E. Parker, \$10; Charles Merriam, \$10; Miss C. M. Lamson, \$5; Rev. James M. Whiton, \$100; Mrs. C. P. Curtis, \$5; Johnny, \$5; E. H. Flint, \$5; Friends of a faithful and suffering animal, \$13; Brooks Adams, \$10; Edward J. Lowell, \$10; Mrs. E. L. Bennett, \$10; Mrs. S. A. Matchett, \$10; A. Morrison, \$5; G. J. F. Bryant, \$25; Phebe R. Gifford, \$2; D. A. Blanchard, \$20.

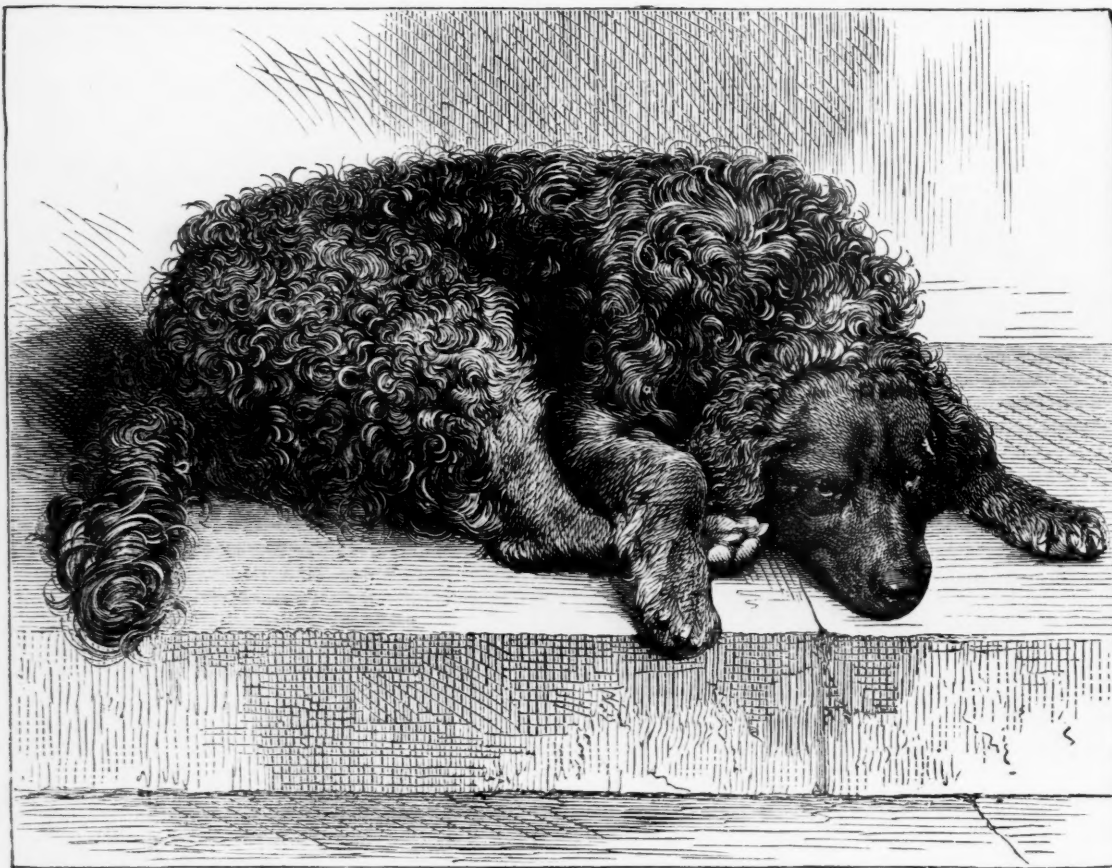
SUBSCRIBERS ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Stephen Clapp, Luther Magoun, Tyler Pratt, Miss S. I. Minot, Dana Library, Eben Francis, Miss E. Peirce, Augustus A. Woolson, Mrs. E. D. Rand, Fred H. Richardson, Stark K. Fisk, Harry Clough, Mrs. Frank Morse, Mrs. E. C. Stevens, Mrs. C. C. Babbett, Mrs. M. H. Clough, Dr. H. A. Hildreth, Mrs. Dr. Rae, R. J. Forrestal, Rev. Mr. Shipman, Edwin Knight, W. A. Stoddard, James G. Moore, Mrs. G. H. Keleea, C. Prescott, Benj. W. Whitney, Rev. Horatio Wood, Josiah S. Phillips, George S. Motley, Simpson Hart, Miss B. Cummings, Matilda Goddard, Miss A. T. Dana, Samuel Little, Edgar H. Reed, Miss L. B. Hatch, Miss H. E. Emerson, Samuel Loring, Freeman Hineley, G. F. Mather, Sylvanus Nash, Rev. E. A. Smith, Mrs. Geo. Edison, O. F. Morrill, Benjamin Irish, Mrs. Wm. S. Russell, Mrs. Geo. P. Richards, Mrs. D. W. C. Farrington, John R. Thornton, L. F. Billings, Eli Patch, Henry & Marsh, C. & J. M. Richmond, Charles Merriam, W. A. Roberts, Benj. W. Gage, Mrs. Dr. J. C. Dalton, J. P. Andrews, Thomas Allyn, Rufus Kendrick, E. W. Gilmore, Ida Jefferson, E. M. Boynton, Wm. P. Corthell, S. C. Vose, W. Paine, S. T. Lincoln, Jonas Fay, Mrs. Benj. Bufum, W. H. Hopkins, Robert L. Keach, A. A. Read, Wm. J. Foster, W. Charles E. Carpenter, Mrs. George Stevens, Thomas W. Sprague, Mrs. J. C. Abbott, Emily A. Hunt, Miss C. M. Taylor, Elizabeth Smith, W. H. Thompson, Eddie A. Dow, Samuel Johnson, Mrs. Lucy P. Johnson, Mrs. M. S. Bidwell, Wm. E. Gilmore, Jamie L. Balcom, Anonymous, Joseph Cummings, Robert Adams, Mrs. A. O. Allen, John Keefe, Mrs. F. M. Reed, Cornelius Babcock, Mary A. Pennington, George W. Harris, Annie McCall, Patrick Mahan, Mrs. A. S. Albee, Laura Cutter, Merrill Southmayd, Mrs. Dio Lewis, Jos. Goodnow, H. E. Cobb, Caroline Moore, Mrs. J. H. Conant, Alex. A. De Witte, Mrs. J. Hale, Mrs. B. Whitwell, Mrs. Mary Pynchon, Mrs. A. W. L. Glen, Constantia Abert, M. R. Steele, Richard Pitman, W. W. Rice, T. D. Demond & Co., H. L. Lawrence, Harry Hayward, Edward Whitney, E. G. Berry, J. S. Dunlap, C. H. Dennie, Geo. S. Estey, Abner W. Pollard, Mrs. A. D. Chase, Charles A. Nichols, Isaac C. Holmes, Mrs. W. H. Palmer, Mrs. Wm. Christie, Mrs. Samuel Goldard, Stephen Brownell, Thomas Nye, Jr., Josiah Chapin, S. M. Taylor, J. D. Farnsworth, Mrs. A. G. Cochrane, W. L. Ganson, Jr., George S. Winslow, Dr. Wm. L. Johnson, J. W. Fletcher, Pelham Bonney, Wm. F. Freeman, C. F. Forbes, Otis Clapp, Henry T. Wood, Elcazar Hunt, Benjamin Atwill, Reuben Howland, Elizabeth Paine, H. L. Wieter, M. J. Whipple, E. S. Moseley, W. A. Durant, James H. Parsons, Edward Kendall, Leander Smith, H. Vandine, Mrs. J. G. Haynes, Charles P. Curtis, Jr., A. A. Aubin, Mrs. Julia V. N. Whipple, D. Hoston, H. H. Fowler, Mrs. F. J. Vinton, Isabel Blake, Mary E. Libby, Miss S. A. Craft, Mrs. Wm. L. Dwight, J. N. Farrar, Mrs. M. Rutherford, J. C. Braman, Ex-Gov. Goodwin, Elizabeth Jackson, Eliza Rice, A. P. Heuchman, John M. Bradbury, Sarah C. Peirce, D. Bryce & Son, E. R. Frost, Louise W. King, Howard M. Sargent, Mrs. Dr. Dyer, Joseph Goldthwait, W. T. Carlton, J. P. C. Winslip, Florence T. Hunt, R. S. Howland, Mrs. Jane Briggs, Robert O. Smith, Wm. Prescott, Mrs. James Tolman, J. Lovejoy, Miss S. L. Baldwin, James Joy, C. A. Church, Mrs. Prescott Fisk, Rebecca Lynch, Miss L. E. Nesmith, Alexander Hill, Allie Vose, S. R. Urbino, I. M. Sanford, Mrs. J. R. Goodnow, Edward Buckingham, Miss S. R. Spaulding, Joseph P. Manton, W. P. Butler, Willie and Hille Butler, P. A. Balcom, Prot. Orphan Asylum, \$2; Maggie Foster, \$2; Mrs. Wm. Saunders, \$2; Mrs. R. Huggins, \$4; Ellen Wahl, \$5; Mrs. R. W. Emerson, \$7; Adelle Biddle, \$11; Weare, N. H. Society, \$10; Isabel C. Hicks, Secretary, \$15; Penn. Society, \$50; Woman's Branch Penn. Society, \$70.82; Mrs. Benj. Lang, \$2.

ENGLISH MAGAZINES (60 cents each).

Lottie T. Gile, A. R. Hunt, C. P. Hunt, Mrs. Wm. L. Johnson, J. Milton Hutchings, Bertha Carpenter, Esther H. Ward, \$1.20; H. H. Peters, \$1.20; Rebecca Lynch, \$1.80.

"ROCK."



Children's Department.

The Sagacious Dog "Rock."

A remarkable instance of the sagacity of the dog occurred a few months ago in London. Capt. Talbot's man-servant and dog were having their usual daily stroll along the Regent's Park Ornamental Water, when the feet of a man were seen just above the water. The servant called the dog's attention to them, when instantly "Rock" dashed into the water. In a few moments he seized hold of one of the legs of the trousers and struggled hard to draw the body out, but without avail.

Then was witnessed one of the most remarkable instances of dog sagacity ever recorded. The noble creature suddenly dived down, seized the man by the coat collar, and in a few moments re-appeared on the surface, dragging the body to the shore! All honor to "Rock," to John Adams, and also to the police, by whose persevering efforts the man was restored to consciousness.

We regret that the rules of the Royal Humane Society have not allowed them to respond to our appeal for a "collar of honor" for "Rock," but we are glad to state that a number of our friends have cheerfully contributed the needful sum for one with silver mountings, which Captain Talbot courteously accepted. It bears the following inscription:—

"Presentation Collar, in honor of 'Rock's' sagacity in saving a man from drowning in the Regent's Park Ornamental Water, April 6th, 1869. Presented by some of the readers of the 'British Workman.'—*Dogs and their Doings.*

Grace and Her Friends.

"Your walk is lonely, blue-eyed Grace,
Down the long forest-road to school,
Where shadows troop, in many a place,
From sullen chasm to sunless pool;
Are you not often, little maid,
Beneath the sighing trees, afraid?"

"Afraid,—beneath the tall, strong trees
That bend their arms to shelter me,
And whisper down, with dew and breeze,
Sweet sounds that float on lovingly,
Till every gorge and cavern seems
Thrilled through and through with fairy dreams?"

"Afraid,—beside the water dim
That holds the baby-lilies white
Upon its bosom, where a hymn
Ripples forth softly to the light
That now and then comes gliding in
A lily's budding smile to win?"

"The woodbine clammers up the cliff
And seems to murmur, 'Little Grace,
The sunshine were less welcome, if
It brought not every day your face;
Red leaves slip down from maples high,
And touch my cheek as they flit by.'

"I feel at home with everything
That has its dwelling in the wood;
With flowers that laugh, and birds that sing,—
Companions beautiful and good,
Brothers and sisters everywhere;
And over all, our Father's care.

"At morning, down the wood-path cool,
The fluttering leaves make cheerful talk;
After the stifled day at school,
I hear along my homeward walk,
The airy wisdom of the wood,—
The easiest to be understood.

"I whisper to the winds; I kiss
The rough old oak and clasp his bark;
No farewell of the thrush I miss;
I lift the soft veil of the dark,
And say to bird, and breeze, and tree,
'Good night! Good friends you are to me!'"

—Lucy Larcom.

A Little Act of Kindness.

One dull Saturday night, the wind blew hard and the rain was beginning to patter against the window-panes and make large drops upon the pavement. It was not very pleasant to be out of doors, but food must be had, and all classes of persons were hastening to get it.

Soon two little colored girls hurried past with an empty basket, and one of them said:

"Oh! be quick, for it's going to rain hard and the chips will be all wet."

"Yes, I'm coming in a minute," said the other, who lingered behind—for what purpose, do you think?

Leaning against the lamp-post at the corner of the street was a poor old woman, bent with age and infirmities. In one hand was her market basket, in the other a bundle, and she was trying to open an umbrella. The wind blew against her, the bundle slipped from her poor old fingers, rolling into the gutter, and the umbrella would not come open.

But the quick feet and fingers of this little girl soon set all things right. First, she hastened to rescue the bundle and restore it to its owner, then opened the umbrella and placed it securely in the old woman's hands. She waited for no more, hastening on after her companion, but amid the falling rain the old woman could be heard saying:

"God bless you, my child!"

Ah! it was a little deed, but done so cheerfully and quickly, it showed that the child had a kind heart.

A Polite Dog.

Trip is a little terrier, with a black coat and a white collar. Like "Old Dog Tray," he "is ever faithful," and his sympathy for any one who seems to be suffering, is touching.

Sometimes, when grandpa has a hard turn of coughing, he will stand beside him and cry like a child.

He has a very uncanine fondness for kittens. One day a family of young kittens was found in the cellar. Trip was delighted, and immediately constituted himself their chief guardian. When he felt like having a frolic, he would toss and tumble them as a cat does a mouse, and the kittens seemed to think it fine sport.

Trip is always delighted to see his friends, and when asked to shake hands, will put out his white paw as gracefully as any city belle.

But his real politeness shows itself in another and better way. His favorite place for a nap is in grandpa's easy chair. There he will curl himself up on the leather-covered cushion, and take more comfort than a king on a bed of down. But at the first sound of grandpa's step, he is wide awake. Up go the pretty black ears, and in an instant he is on his feet, looking at his master, as much as to say, "Will you have the chair, sir?"

If grandpa says, "No, I thank you," he goes back and settles himself for another nap; but if grandpa seems inclined to sit down, the little dog at once retires.

It would be very mortifying to any boy to be told that a dog excelled him in politeness. Dogs certainly set a good example in faithfulness and devotion.

Our Prize Scholars.

The good effect of our offer of prizes for compositions on Kindness to Animals is apparent. Many children who had never thought of this question before, have kept it in mind through the whole year, and have exhibited it in repeated acts of kindness to the animals about them, and in dissuading others from cruelty. Our paper, which has been sent to them monthly, we trust has proved interesting to them. Our next number will complete the year during which we agreed to send the paper, but we shall hope not to part company with them, but that they will continue on our books as subscribers, thus, as we believe, doing good and getting good.

How a Horse Helped His Neighbor.

Not long since, I visited a friend, who lives on a fine farm, in a pleasant town in Southern New Hampshire. While there, one evening, we rode to the village to attend a meeting, and on our way back my friend told me the following anecdote about the noble horse he was driving; and I thought it was worth repeating to the young readers of the "Herald." A few years ago this horse was kept, during autumn, in a field close by the farm-house, and in an adjoining pasture a flock of sheep was also kept.

One day while my friend was talking with a gentleman by the roadside, the horse came running toward him from the lower part of the field, next to the sheep pasture, and, putting his head over the wall near him, he whinnied, as if to attract attention.

He took, however, no special notice of this; and presently the horse turned and ran back to the lower side of the field.

But very soon he was again seen rapidly approaching, and, on reaching his master, he again spoke to him, as horses usually speak.

It was observed that the horse was acting in a very unusual manner; but still no steps were taken yet to ascertain the cause of the strange running back and forth. So the pony again wheeled and galloped away once more towards the sheep pasture. And now, very soon, for the third time, is he seen swiftly returning.

It seems that the intelligent creature, having failed in two attempts to secure the help he was seeking, determined to try elsewhere this time; and so, instead of going again to his master, he went to the farm-house, that stood near by, and, putting his head through an open window in the kitchen, he again whinnied.

My friend's wife, who, it seems, had noticed the strange restlessness of the animal, now felt quite sure there must be some trouble in the field or pasture, and that the horse was trying to tell them of this, that they might go to the rescue.

So she went out where the horse was. He seemed pleased that it had attracted attention at last, and, trotting on before the lady, he led her down to the pasture, and, putting his head over the fence, seemed to say: "Look, look!" The lady did look, and there she discovered that a savage dog had caught a sheep, and was holding it by the throat, in spite of all the poor creature's efforts to escape.

I hope my young readers will always try to help those whom they see in trouble, and that they will be as persevering in their efforts to do good as was this noble animal. H. B. C.

—Zion's Herald.

BROOKLINE GENTLEMEN are reported to have had a "pigeon shoot" lately, killing sixty-five out of seventy-five birds. We wonder if the others flew away, with broken legs or a few shot in their bodies, and died a lingering death?

These "shoots" are called "sport" for men, Ladies sometimes "grace the occasion" by their presence.

Sequel to the One Hoss Shay.

Doubtless my readers all have heard
Of the "wonderful one-hoss shay,"
That "went to pieces all at once"
On the terrible earthquake day.

But did they ever think of the "hoss,"
Or mourn the loss of him?
The "ewe-necked bay" (who drew the "shay")
So full of life and vim.

He was a wonderful nag, I'm told,
In spite of his old "rat-tail,"
And tho' he always minded the rein,
He laughed at the snow and hail.

He had the finest stable in town,
With plenty of oats and hay,
And to the parson's oft—"Hud-dup!"
He never would answer neigh.

To the parson's shay he was ever true,
Tho' her other fellows were tired,
To live and die with his fiancé
Was all that heart desired.

He was much attached to his ancient mate,
So the parson "hitched them together,"
And when they went on their *bridle* tour,
His heart was light as a feather.

We all remember her awful fate,
On that sad November day,
When nothing remained but a heap of trash,
That once was a beautiful shay.

O, what could stir-up the equine breast
Like this fearful, harrowing blow,
Which put a check on his happiness
And filled his heart with woe.

As he wheeled about, a shaft of pain
Entered his faithful breast,
As he there beheld the sad remains
Of her whom he loved the best.

With a sudden bound and fearful snort
He sped away like the wind—
And a fact most queer I'll mention here,
No traces were left behind.

CARE OF SWINE.—The general belief seems to be that a hog will take care of himself. It is true that they will bear much neglect, it is equally true that they will repay good care. At this season of the year they are often left to suffer from cold, we fear, for the want of straw or hay for a good nest. They are fed with cold, uncooked food, and at irregular times. Now it cannot be expected that an animal will fatten or even grow that suffers from cold; when more than one animal is kept they help to keep each other warm; but even then plenty of litter should be provided; we should think it hard to be obliged to suffer constantly through the long nights from cold, and we doubt not the animals feel so. Then cold and frozen food should not be fed to add to the discomfort of the animal, nor is it profitable to feed uncooked vegetables to any extent to swine. While it is true they may keep along under such circumstances, they will not flourish. We notice that some men always have good pigs and others never, and it can all be accounted for when we come to know the different treatment the animals receive at the hands of their owners.

AN English cattle-dealer was recently fined \$250 and costs for neglecting to give food and water to 820 sheep on their two days' journey from Scotland into Norfolk.

Stable and Farm.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Let Horses go Barefoot.

Now that we have a good body of snow on the ground, and the prospect is we shall have, at least, a few weeks of sleighing, let me call the attention of yourself and readers, to the great relief and advantage which horses (especially those in the country), will derive from having their shoes taken off and letting them go barefooted. Every day of my life, I see horses who are begging their owners to relieve them from tight shoes.

Let us bring the case home. What does a man do who has bad corns? To relieve himself he at once pulls off his boot and removes the pressure from the corn. Now what is good for man is good for horse in very many cases, certainly where corns exist, and very few horses are entirely free from them. A month's work barefooted on the snow, will help a horse with corns more than his owner will believe without trying the experiment. Instead of being stuck up on three calks, the foot gets the true bearing which nature intended it should have.

The vast importance of having the frog come in contact with the ground in order to keep the foot in health and good condition, is most ably shown in "Rational Horse-shoeing," a small book recently published, as also in Fleming's Essay, circulated by your society, books that ought to be in the hands of every owner and lover of a horse.

When I urge people to drive their horses barefoot on the snow, if only for a week or two, I am constantly told, "My horse will fall down, or break his hoof all to pieces." Now I know the horse will do "nothing of the sort." I don't say that he can be driven at a three-minute gait and not chip his hoof, but I do say that for all light driving, at a moderate, respectable rate, the hoof will never break to injure it. I drove my old horses (twenty-one and twenty-two years old), without shoes last winter, and they did not fall once, or slip any more, if as much, as horses which were calked and whose calks were worn down. Another immense advantage in going barefoot, is being able to drive through deep snows without feeling afraid that your horse will get cut with his calks.

LEICESTER, MASS.

E. H. F.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Worthy of Imitation.

In these days of the wholesale butchery of valuable animals, it will not perhaps be an intrusion, if I relate an incident which occurred during a voyage to the east coast of Africa. While taking in some hides at Majunga on the island of Madagascar, an edict was issued by Radama's Queen at Tananarivo, which, for its admirable foresight and clearness of judgment has rarely, if ever, been exceeded. Under the penalty of death, her entire subjects were absolutely forbidden to destroy a heifer calf. It has occurred to me, that the wisdom of this edict might be imitated without disadvantageous results by other and more civilized nations. If our own government had observed this course during the war, the farming interest of the country would have been in better condition.

S. J.

POULTRY.—The principal consideration of a poultry house is warmth, light and ventilation. Warm in winter, because fowls will require less food, will be healthier and will lay more eggs. Ventilated in summer and in mild winter weather, because fresh air is absolutely essential to all animated nature and particularly to the fowl. Well lighted, because the fowl delights to be in a cheerful place, and to bask in sunshine admitted through the windows of their tenements in cold weather.

THE contented man is never poor, the discontented never rich.

Westward the Star of Kindness takes its Way.

STIRRING WORDS FROM OREGON.

We were not aware, until a few days since, of the fact that a society for the better protection of our dumb animals had been organized in the State. We received a congratulatory letter from the corresponding secretary, Mr. W. T. Shanahan, of Portland, notifying us of the organization of such a society in that city, and thanking us for the publication of an act of Congress regulating the transportation of live stock. We published the law from a belief in the necessity of the law itself. Our experience in wandering up and down in this world, has taught us that perhaps more diabolical cruelty is practised upon the unoffending brutes in their journey to the slaughter-house, than would suffice to sink out of existence two such worlds as ours, was *justice meted out*. God in his wisdom gave us the beasts of the field, and every living thing whose aid we require, for use, and as is the kindness shown them, so will be the usefulness returned to us. There is a law of compensation in nature that is better understood by the brute creation than by man. At least it is more closely followed by the brutes than by man. Who ever knew a dumb animal to refuse a kindly recognition to his friend.

Kindness will be returned by kindness,—gentleness for gentleness. Balky and vicious horses are the result of balky and vicious drivers. Unmanageable cows are the result of unmanageable masters. Go through the catalogue of tricks and uncontrollable habits of our stock, and in every instance it is traceable *directly to temper, or bad management*.

The higher law commands the strong to protect the weak. Man being of the highest order of animate nature, is constrained by every law, both human and divine, to protect the lower orders that are subservient to his will, or contribute to the store-houses of the world.

In proportion as you cultivate the finer sensibilities, in that same degree will be developed the desire to deal kindly with the animal kingdom.

We wish to be understood as an aider and abettor of the good work of the society, and our voice is ever with its noble effort, and our paper ever ready to expound its cause.

God speed the day when every man shall be a whole society, in the prevention of cruelty to animals.—*Oregon Granger*.

TEACHING THE GENTLE DEER BAD HABITS.—The deer in the park on the Common have become so accustomed to visitors that they readily take food from the hand of any one. Yesterday afternoon a boor, taking advantage of this confidence in human nature, gave one of the creatures a huge piece of tobacco, which the animal chewed up and then indignantly rejected. Father Trask or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should look after such fellows.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE CHECK-REIN. Why is it that so many of our farmers, and nearly all of our city carters insist in using a tight rein on working horses? When a horse, left to his natural inclination, has a heavy load to pull, he can best exert his strength if his backbone is in one continuous line, and this he will have if not prevented by a tight check-rein. Some claim that it prevents a horse from falling and when a man can raise himself over a fence by a lift on his suspenders we will believe it. When a horse falls, a tight rein will most effectually prevent him from getting on to his feet again. Try it without the rein and see if we are not correct in our practice and theory both.—*Journal of the Farm*.

At HALIFAX, a week or two ago, a butcher was found in his private slaughter-house skinning a sheep alive. In order to do this better he had impaled the animal in the breast with an iron pin, which he used after the fashion of a fork. This man was fined £5; costs, 8s. 6d., or, in default, three months imprisonment.—*The Animal World*.

McCarty's Cattle Cars.

One of the great wants of the country, and one which is demanded no less by pecuniary and sanitary conditions than by an enlightened humanity, is some better method for the transportation of live stock. The tables of those who dwell in the great cities of the East are supplied with the flesh of animals raised in the West, and transported hundred of miles by rail. Those at all familiar with the condition of the animals on their arrival at the great stock-yards of the country, know that the present method of shipment is not only barbarous as respects the treatment of the cattle, but inimical to public health, and constantly entailing a great loss. In other words, the cattle suffer terribly from want of rest, food and water; are delivered at their destination in a sick, famishing and bruised condition, with great loss of weight; and are soon after slaughtered and served up as food. When we state that thousands of cattle are confined from forty-five to fifty hours, in crowded cars, without a particle of food or water; that they are often so exhausted as to be unable to stand; that their flesh becomes bruised and their blood feverish; that they often die before reaching their destination, and that a large percentage of them are sold and butchered in an unhealthy condition, we state what will not be denied by any one familiar with the shipment of live stock. The evil is known and admitted on all hands.

In view of these facts inventors have been at work devising better means of shipment; and judging from what was witnessed in this city yesterday, the great desideratum has been obtained in the shape of a new stock car, invented by Mr. T. J. McCarty, of Salem, Ohio. The car is thirty-six feet long, and has accommodation for sixteen head of cattle or horses. Each animal has a separate stall, and the gates are on slides and move with the cattle. They stand eight in a row, on each side of the car, and all facing outward. The hips of the animals come together, and they are exempt from all hurts or bruises. The car is so arranged that the stock can be fed and watered on the way. This car has been in use since May last, but it is now being run from Chicago to New York (over the Pennsylvania Central), at the request of Mr. Cassatt, General Superintendent of the road, for the purpose of making a thorough test of its advantages. Mr. McCarty loaded two of his cars at Chicago, the thirty-two cattle weighing 42,180 pounds, or considerably over the average weight. The cars attracted great attention at the stock yards, while they remained there. The cattle were in excellent condition, having been regularly fed and watered, and a number of them were lying comfortably in their stalls, taking their ease. Contrast this method of shipment with that now prevailing on our railroads—it being the custom to run the cattle through from Chicago to Pittsburg without food or drink, and then from Pittsburg to New York without feeding or watering. Leaving out of view the terrible sufferings of the animals and the unwholesome character of their flesh, the owners of cattle will make money by having this car brought into general use, in the single item of "shrinkage" alone. The average weight of an ox is 1,200 pounds, and the average shrinkage is put at ten per cent., or one hundred and twenty pounds per head! In 1872, over one million head of cattle was received at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, Washington, Boston and Providence—so that there was a sum total of 120,000,000 pounds of beef starved, crushed, goaded and jolted out of the cattle brought to the above named seven cities in a single year! Putting even the lowest money value on this wasted beef—the wholesale price—and it runs up to over \$8,000,000 of an annual loss. Now Mr. McCarty will guarantee, by the use of his improved car, to save fifty pounds shrinkage per head between Chicago and Philadelphia, or eight hundred pounds per car. Cattle owners can figure the value of this saving for themselves.

A better day seems to be dawning for the dumb animals on their way to the slaughter pens, and a better day for those who make beef an article of daily diet.—*Pittsburg Commercial*.

Bars of the Horse's Foot.

The bars of the foot are but the prolongation of the outer wall of the hoof. Their object is to protect the frog, and strengthen the foot itself. Their value in this direction can scarcely be over-estimated. To cut them away is like removing the beams that keep the walls of a house from falling outward or crushing inward. If a healthy foot is placed upon a glass stand, it will be seen that the ground surface of the wall-bars, all bear the relative proportion of weight. These might be called the three great pillars on which the body of the horse, like some dome upheld by three columns, stands. To shorten or remove two of these three columns is, of course, fatal. The dome is of such weight as to crush the sole remaining support. This is precisely the condition of things under the common vicious system of shoeing. The bars are cut away so that they cannot touch the earth; the frog is pared down the same way; the sole, also, is gouged out, and the result is, that nothing is left but the wall of the hoof to support the vast bulk and weight above.

When you remember that the wall is very thin,—scarcely half an inch in thickness where it touches the ground—you will share with me the surprise, not that so many horses "pound their feet up" and break down, or "give out in their feet," as the saying is, but that any horses survive at all. The true way is to let everything grow to the fullest extent that Nature designs it to reach; and, in shoeing, seek only to protect from too rapid destruction what Nature has put together; least of all cut away that which Nature has provided so abundantly, and more efficiently than the art and skill of man can ever hope to effect.—*Murray's "The Perfect Horse."*

Shampooing Cattle.

The advantages attendant upon the thorough currying and washing the hair and hide are additional beauty, a better digestion, hence greater ease of fattening and no less amount of food, and, directly and indirectly, an influence for good on the whole animal health, among which may be mentioned less liability to diarrhoea. Every stable, whether for cow or horse, should have its curry-comb and brush; to these some add the card, and there should be also a tub of water, or weak soap-suds, and a sponge. These should be used at least once in two days in warm weather, and any farmer who has never tried it will be astonished by the marked improvement in his cattle if he will only adopt this plan as an experiment even for a few days. Every one who has ever enjoyed the luxury of a skillful barber, after a long, dusty ride, can have some idea of how improved a cow or ox will feel to have his or her skin well cleansed of dust after a long, hot, summer day. The cow thus treated will yield more and better milk; the ox or work-horse, after his skin is cleansed, sleeps well and is rested; the next morning, he goes forth to his work with an elastic step, and a consciousness in every movement of health and strength.—*New York Times*.

SCATTER PLEASURE.—As you pass along the street you meet with a familiar face—say good morning, as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us.

Birthday Wishes.

Bright and fair the opening year,
Air is pure and skies are clear,
Harbingers of joy and cheer,
They say.

May the coming twelvemonth bear,
Blessings clear as sky and air,
And leave thee with a record fair,
I pray.

JANUARY, 1874.

